

JOHN MILLER B. 1812 D

**Songs, Duets, Chorusses, &c.**

PERSONS REPRESENTED IN THE

**OPERATICK ROMANCE**

OF THE

**DEVIL'S BRIDGE;**

AS PERFORMED AT THE

**Theatre-Royal, Lyceum.**

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**LONDON:**

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**1815.**

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## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

<i>The Baron Toraldi</i> , .....	Mr. Raymond.
<i>Count Belino</i> , .....	Mr. T. Cooke.
<i>Marcelli, (a Farmer and Inn-keeper)</i> , .....	} Mr. Harley.
<i>Antonio, (his Father, an old Farmer)</i> , .....	
<i>Fabricio, ('Squire to the Marchioness of Susa)</i> , .....	} Mr. Marshall.
<i>Paolo, ('Squire to Toraldi)</i> , ...	
<i>Julio</i> , .....	Miss Brereton.
<i>Officers to Toraldi</i> , .....	{ Messrs. Cooke and Miller.
<i>Petro, (a Country Lad, Waiter to Marcelli)</i> , .....	
<i>Florian, (a Peasant)</i> , .....	Mr. Pyne.
<i>Herald</i> , .....	Mr. Maddocks.
<i>The Countess Rosalvina</i> , .....	Mrs. Cooke.
<i>Claudine, (Wife to Marcelli)</i> , ..	Miss Poole.
<i>Lauretta, (Marcelli's Sister)</i> , ..	Miss Kelly.

'Squires, Officers, Guards, Peasants, Villagers,  
Male and Female.

SCENE,—*The Frontiers of Piedmont, near Mount Cenis.*

# Songs, Duets, Chorusses, &c.

IN THE

## DEVIL'S BRIDGE.

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### ACT I.

QUARTETTO—*Lauretta*, Miss KELLY—*Florian*,  
Mr. PYNE—*Claudine*, Miss POOLE—*Marcelli*,  
Mr. HARLEY.—(*Horn.*)

HARK ! it is the Vesper bell  
Sounds with soft and solemn swell ;  
Hark ! it's lengthen'd accents glide  
Along the vale and mountain side.

(*The above repeated by MARCELLI and CLAUDINE,*  
*without*).

LAURETTA and FLORIAN.

They come, they come ! You must away—  
Good night !  
The bell proclaims the fall of day—  
Good night !

SONG—*Belino, Mr. T. COOKE.—(Braham.)*

Behold ! in his soft expressive face,  
     Her well-known features here I see ;  
 And here the gentle smile can trace,  
     Which once so sweetly beam'd on me !  
 Ah ! Rosalvina ——  
 Ah ! Rosalie, that death should sever,  
 Two hearts that could have lov'd forever !

Yes, I could fancy I beheld  
     In this sweet boy her richer charms !  
 Could think, by hope and love impell'd,  
     I clasp'd her offspring in my arms.  
 My child ! ——  
 My child, like this, was lovely ever,  
 'Till death decreed our hearts to sever.

SONG—*Claudine, Miss POOLE.*

Stranger, 'tis folly to check the fond tear ;  
 Thy fate is decreed, if thy love is sincere.  
 Mark thou the fate of the full-blowing rose,  
 How 'tis snapt by the blast which it dar'd to oppose :  
     So breaks the fond heart opposing love.

Stranger ! 'tis better to heave the fond sigh,  
 Than, like the fair flower, in thy prime to die ;  
 Mark thou the lily that blooms in the vale,  
 How it yields, and springs up, more refresh'd by  
     the gale :  
     So blooms the fond heart that yields to love.



SONG—*Belino, Mr. T. COOKE.—(Braham.)*

Tho' love is warm a-while,  
 Soon it grows cold;  
 Absence soon blights the smile,  
 When he grows old!  
 Dearest, thy love was mine,  
 My every thought was thine;  
 Thus did our hearts entwine,  
 Ere love was old!

But could thy bosom prove  
 Faithful, my fair!  
 Could'st thou still fondly love,  
 Still absence bear?  
 Oh! it was sweet to be  
 Lov'd as I was by thee;—  
 But if thou'rt lost to me,  
 Welcome, despair!

DUET—*Marcelli, Mr. HARLEY.—Claudine,  
Miss POOLE.—(Horn.)*

*Claud.* Ah ! you men are fond of ranging,  
Never faithful for a day ;  
Swearing truth—but ever changing,  
Each *new* face steals your hearts away.

*Mar.* Oh !—you women still are jealous,  
Tho' your husbands should be true,  
Flirting with the handsome fellows  
'Till you make us jealous too.

*Claud.* You're changing ever,  
Constant never,  
While I mourn in sorrow sad.

*Mar.* You're sometimes pleasing,  
Oft'ner teasing,  
'Till you drive me almost mad.

BOTH.

*He.* Oh! you women, &c.

*She.* Oh! you men, &c.

*Claud.* You need not frown tho' so severely.

*Mar.* Zounds, you make me mad, you do—

*Claud.* Yet I'm sure I love you dearly.

*Mar.* Do you?—so do I love you.

*Both.* Come, shake hands, and there's an end on't,

Now our foolish quarrel's o'er,

Truly I love you, depend on't—

We will quarrel now no more.



SONG—*Lauretta, Miss KELLY.*—(*Horn.*)

A maiden there was who was silly and shy,  
 And she look'd like a fool when her lover was nigh,  
     Yet she knew not why.  
 He ask'd her one day, if to church she would go?  
 She blush'd more than ever, and curtsied low,  
     And she answer'd, No—  
     But it was with a sigh  
     And she knew not why!

The youth in his turn now grew shy of the maid;  
 He courted another, who was not afraid,  
     And who *yes* soon said;  
 She saw them go by—she repented at last—  
 Oh! oh! the next time—(she exclaim'd as they  
     pass'd)—  
     I'll say *yes*, when I'm ask'd;  
     And she spoke with a sigh,  
     And she well knew why!

SONG—*Rosalvina, Mrs. COOKE.*—(*Horn.*)

From gaudy scenes, and splendid lot,

I fly to humbler fare,

To find beneath a peasant's cot

Content and freedom there !

For if a spot there can be found

Where true content may be,

'Tis surely on that envied ground,

Where woman's heart is free !

Oh ! give me then through life to dwell,

With liberty of mind,

In some lone shed, or moss-green cell

Which pride may never find !

And I will quit the glittering state,

Which boasts no charms for me,

But joyous live, and bless the fate

That bids my heart be free !

TRIO—*Claudine, Miss POOLE—Rosalvina, Mrs.  
COOKE—Marcelli, Mr. HARLEY.*—(*Horn.*)

Hark ! cautious step !—the moon's pale ray  
Shall light us on the lonely way ;

A moment will our fate decide—

Be Heaven our guard—and Hope our guide.

## ACT II.

SONG—*Lauretta, Miss KELLY.*—(*Horn.*)

Ah ! flatt'ring man, it moves my heart,  
To see you thus dejected—

And sure, 'twere an ungrateful part,  
Such love should be neglected—

But tho' amid the foremost band  
Of lovers true, I rank you—

I fear, I cannot give my hand :  
I'd rather not—I thank you !

Go, simple clown, 'tis all in vain,  
Altho' your smile's so winning—

Go, silly man, nor think to gain  
A woman's heart by *grinning*.—

You wish to have me for your wife,  
The offer may amuse me—

But thanks, my friend ;—upon my life,  
I'd rather you'd excuse me.

SONG—*Belino, Mr. T. COOKE.—(Braham.)*

Is there a heart that never lov'd,  
     Nor felt soft woman's sigh?  
 Is there a man can mark unmov'd  
     Dear woman's tearful eye?—  
 Oh! bear him to some distant shore,  
     Or solitary cell,  
 Where nought but savage monsters roar,  
     Where love ne'er deign'd to dwell.

For there's a charm in woman's eye,  
     A language in her tear,  
 A spell in ev'ry sacred sigh,  
     To man—to virtue dear.  
 And he who can resist her smiles,  
     With brutes alone should live,  
 Nor taste that joy which care beguiles—  
     That joy her virtues give.

SONG—*Claudine, Miss POOLE.*—(*Horn.*)

'Tis at the silent evening hour,  
In grotto—or in Lady's bower,  
Where faithful lovers meet ;  
When vows are plighted o'er and o'er,  
The oft'ner pledg'd, still priz'd the more—  
Oh ! then from him that we adore  
Love's stolen kiss is sweet.

Or in the soft sequester'd shade,  
Where oft at noon some pensive maid  
Directs unguided feet ;  
Where birds attune their amorous lay,  
And nature decks the flow'ry way,  
Oh ! then each object seems to say,  
Love's stolen kiss is sweet !



SONG—*Rosalvina, Mrs. COOKE.—(Horn.)*

Bright Sun ! I adore thee when, rising sublime,  
 From the snow cover'd mountain thou shed'st  
     thy first ray ;

Can this heart be cold — tho' unconscious of crime,  
 While Nature around breathes sweet gratitude's  
     lay.

Ah ! what is the warmth of thy radiance divine,  
 Compar'd to the glow of the bosom at rest !  
 Ah ! what are thy rays which refulgently shine,  
 Compar'd to the sun-shine that beams on the  
     breast.

Bright Sun ! 'tis in vain that thy splendour is shed  
 O'er the mountain's green bosom—o'er flow'ret  
     or tree,

In vain do thy warm rays descend on my head,  
 They bring no reviving sensation to me.

SONG—*Florian, Mr. PYNE.*—(*Braham.*)

How wretched is the wanderer's lot,  
     By fatal honour call'd away ;  
 He leaves his dear, his native cot,  
     Thro' many a distant realm to stray.

Oh ! sweeter is thy simple fare,  
     Than wealth to give, if doom'd to roam—  
 Ambition may be sated there,  
     But peace, and love, are still at home.

SONG—*Belino, Mr. T. COOKE.*—(*Braham.*)

Here mark a poor desolate maid,  
 By a parent's ambition betray'd !  
 Behold on her fast-fading cheek,  
 The tears that her agony speak !  
 And here kneels the well-belov'd youth,  
 Calling Heaven to witness his truth ;  
 And here stands the murderous wretch —  
 But, mark me — 'tis but fancy's sketch !

Behold in his face are exprest,  
 The passions that rage in his breast.  
 Here read—while he dares to demand  
 From her parent this maiden's fair hand—  
 That deep in his dungeon secur'd  
 A still living wife is immur'd,  
 Who curses the murderous wretch!—  
 Nay—start not—'tis but fancy's sketch!

### FINALE *and* CHORUS.

*Belino, Mr. T. COOKE, and Chorus, Guards.*

*Belino.* Your fury I brave—your threats I disdain!

*Chorus.* Away to the dungeon—resistance is vain!

# ACT III.

SONG—*Belino, Mr. T. COOKE.—(T. Cooke.)*

Love unperceiv'd, with cautious art,  
Steals seductive to the heart,  
Hangs on the sense with witching wiles,  
Deluding most when most he smiles—  
Then who would love ?

Pleas'd with the chaplet's roseate hue,  
So sweet, so fair, the flow'rs we view ;  
But when we snatch the fragrant wreath,  
We feel the poignant thorn beneath—  
Then who would love ?

But when the fair our love returns,  
And with congenial passion burns,  
Endearing love's united pow'rs  
To bless and cheer our happy hours—  
Who would *not* love ?

DUET—*Belino, Mr. T. COOKE—Florian, Mr.  
PYNE.—(Braham.)*

Rest, weary traveller, rest thee to-day,  
Where the cottager's welcome invites thee to stay;  
And what to the heart is more grateful and dear  
Than the welcome that waits on the cottager's fare?

Rest, weary traveller!

And bright is the smile hospitality wears,  
When the stranger at ev'ning arrives at the door;  
And sweet is the accent which cheerfulness bears,  
Which thus bids him enter, and wander no more.

Rest, weary traveller!



SONG—*Rosalvina, Mrs. COOKE.*—(*Horn.*)

The parent bird awhile forsakes  
Her tender care and nestling brood,  
Awhile of liberty partakes,  
And carols as she seeks her food.

Yet, if she hear her offspring cry,  
With speed she seeks her air-built nest ;  
With drooping wing she quits the sky,  
And flies to guard them in her breast.

So when in danger, starting wild,  
The infant shrieks in dread alarms,  
The mother flies to save her child,  
His safest refuge in her arms.

DUET—*Rosalvina; Mrs. COOKE.—Belino, Mr.  
T. COOKE.—(Braham.)*

*Rosal.* My early day, what joy was thine,  
That day is past for ever,  
And, ah! it can no more be mine,  
Oh!—never—never!—

*Belino.* Altho' that early day is past,  
That day returning never;  
In brighter days that joy may last,  
For ever—ever!

*Rosal.* Belino!

*Belino.* ————— Rosalvina!

*Both.* ————— Sure

Some spirit of the air,  
But mocks, in sport, my passion pure,  
While hovering near.

## FINALE.

### CHORUS—(*Horn.*)

Tho' tempests rage, and whirlwinds roar,  
Yet soon the storm is past;  
So sorrow's day is quickly o'er,  
And joy returns at last.

FINIS.